THE

Young-Mans Lamentation:

Containing, his Paſſionate Complaint of his Unconſtant Lover; Together, with his Reſolution to leave her who ſcornfully ſlighted him.

To an Excellent New Tune, or, *Over Hills and high Mountains.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

Meeting is a pleaſure,
but parting's a griefe,
An Unconſtant Lover
is worſe than a Thiefe,
A Thiefe he can but Rob me,
and take what I have,
But an Unconſtant Lover
will bring me to the Grave.

When fancy is wounded,
and rored beſide,
The lover is wounded
as ſoon as deny'd;
Many Torments are bleeding
to encreaſe his pain,
And the lover lies bleeding
by the darts of diſdain.

This is my condition,
I needs muſt confeſs,
With humble ſubmiſſion
I have made my addreſs;
In her Charms I delighted
more than Gold I declare,
Yet am ſcornfully ſlighted
for the love which I bear.

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I value not treasure,
the rich Golden Oze,
There's joy, love, and pleasure,
which I dearly adoze;
But alas! that sweet blessing
I may not enjoy,
I am sorrows possessing,
which my life will destroy.

Like a Ship on the Ocean,
I am tost too and fro,
From the heighth of promotion,
to the depth of sad woe,
While the Billows are roaring
in a Tempest of grief,
I the Fates am imploring,
but can find no relief.

Of a false-hearted lover
I needs must complain,
To my grief I discover
that my sighs are in vain;
Having mov'd her to pity,
with tears in my eyes,
While that sorrowful ditty
she would scorn and despise.

To think that my Jewel
should torture me so,
In loves flaming fuel
with a Feavour I glow,
She's more than ungrateful,
unconstant, unkind
To her dear loyal lover,
like the wavering wind.

In her Cheeks blushing Roses,
with lillies appear,
Where Cupid reposes,
as her Charms I draw near,
I account it my duty
her perfection to prize,
She's a Phœnix for beauty,
was she constant likewise.

If her heart was not ranging,
she should soon be my Bride,
But alas she is changing
and turns with the Tide,
Having ruined many
by her false-hearted alone,
She's not constant in any,
but can love more than one.

Since I find out her folly,
I'll no longer repine,
But will strive to be jolly
with a Glass of Rich Wine,
No longer about her
will I troubled be,
I can now live without her,
let her go, farewel she.

Tho' I am forsaken,
yet she is forlorn,
Yet she is mistaken,
if she think that I'll mourn;
I'll let as gaily by her,
as ever she did by me,
And for ever will deny her,
let her go, farewel she.

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